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JODY CALLS, CADENCE CALLS, AND MARCHING SONGS

The material in this paper was collected from 28 July to 25 August 1962 at the Air Force ROTC Summer Training Unit on George Air Force Base, California. This location was alternately referred to as "The Garden Spot of the West", in the Colorful Mojave Desert" and "The Ass-hole of the World".

Now to the subject at hand. Why are these pieces performed? First as a release from the boredom of marching from place to place in formation. When a flight (in this case, a group of twenty to twenty-five men) is marching or double-timing from place to place, it must be in strict military formation and in step. Instead of counting out the basic cadence "One, two, three, four," all of the way, the troupe resort to Cadence calls, Jody calls, and marching songs. These are usually catchy and enable the flight to keep in step because everyone in the flight sings the repeat and the chorus of the calls and in the case of the marching songs, they sing the entire song as a group. This promotes flight unity or "esprit de corps," because they have something in common.

As the period of training progresses the flight has common enemies such as the Tactical Officers (sort of a flight supervisor otherwise known as a "TAC" officer or a TO.). They find that they can release their grievances through the Jody calls without getting into trouble. For example, numbers 22 through 35 are

jibes at a certain TAC officer named Fischle. He drove an Edsel station wagon, so a natural jibe was about his car. He also frequently wore a Bermuda-short uniform from which came the jibe about his knobby knees.

Finally, the troops get a certain ego-satisfaction out of coming up with a new piece that the guys in the flight like. Most of these deal with common experiences; the most common being sex. Along these lines, it seems to be that the best ones are the boldest. For example, the first time number four was heard, the performer used the final "sex", leaving the humor or catch to the implication of a more dirty word rhyming with "Nantuck". The next guy who performed it grew more bold, wanting to outdo his predecessor, and substituted the implied word for the implication. Finally, when the boldness reached total audacity (near the end of camp), the slightly perverted "Masturbater's Song" (number thirty-nine) was performed openly.

Addenda:

The make-up of this camp was all young men of junior or senior classification in college. About half of these were from schools in Texas; a third of the remainder from the West Coast; and the rest from points in the Midwest and South-East.

All of the Jody calls are followed by the traditional chorus:

Sound Off! (single performer)
One, Two. (men respond)
Bring it on out! (single performer)
Three, Four. (men respond)
Rack it on down! (single performer)
One, two, three, four,
One, two, three-four.

Another chorus is as follows:

Am I right or wrong? (men answer) You're right!

Am I right or wrong? (men answer) You're right!

Am I right or am I wrong?

Or am I right or wrong? (men answer) You're right!

Sound Off! (etc.)

I. TRADITIONAL JODY SILLS

1. Model T Ford and a tank full of gas;
Mouth full of titty and a hand full of ass.
2. I don't know but I've got a bunch;
The Colonel's daughter is a punch.
3. I don't know but I've got a bunch;
We're behind an animal bunch.
4. I got a gal in old Nantucket;
All she does is cook and SWF (fuck!)
5. I got a gal in San Antonio';
She's got a craving for my bone.
6. I got a gal in San Antone';
She don't like to sleep alone.
7. I got a gal in Timbuktu;
She'll go with me but not with you.
8. If I die on the Russian Front;
Let me die on a Russian cunt.
9. I got a gal in Austin town;
Snap your fingers and she lays right down.
10. I got a gal in New Orleans;
She's got a mustache in her jeans.
11. I got a gal in Abilene;
She puts out like a coke machine.
12. I got a gal in New Orleans;
Fourteen kids and a can of beans.
13. I know a gal who lives on a hill;
She won't do it but her sister will.
14. I know a guy named Buffalo Bill;
He won't do it but his Buffalo will.
15. I know a gal all dressed in Red;
Makes her livin' in a bed.
16. I know a gal all dressed in Brown;
Makes her livin' lying down.

17. I know a gal all dressed in Green
She's a livin' sex machine.
18. I got a gal all dressed in Blue;
She's for me and not for you.
19. I know a gal all dressed in Black;
Makes her livin' on her back.
20. I know a gal all dressed in pink;
She will even do it in a sink.
21. Jack and Jill went up the hill;
Jill came down with a two dollar bill.
22. I don't know but I've been told;
Fischle's got a red ass hole.
23. Fischle, Fischle, he's my ace;
He's the one with the monkey face.
24. I don't know but I've got a hunch;
Edsel's are a pile of junk.
25. I don't know but I've got a feelin';
Captain Fischle's gonna get a peelin'.
26. Turn your head to cough and sneeze,
Here come Fischle's knees.
27. I know a gal from Baton Rouge;
She's got swamp water in her shoes.
When it rains that sweet swamp-daughter,
Raises' her skirt above the water.
She's got watermarks on her thighs;
I love to see that water rise.
28. RING-DAUNG-DOO

Ring-Dang-Doo, Now what is that?
Round and firm like a puss'-cat;
A hole in the middle and a hair or two,
That's what's known as the Ring-Dang-Doo

Knew a gal who was in her teens,
Lived outside of "New Orleens".
When she winked her eye at you,
Ya 'Knew she was hot with the Ring-Dang-Doo.

Took me down into her cellar,
 Told me I was a damn nice "feller".
 Fed me wine and whiskey, too;
 Let me play with the Ring-Dang-Doo.

When she got home her mother said,
 "Ya must have lost your Gosh-Durn head.
 Pack your bra and panties, too;
 Get out of town with the Ring-Dang-Doo.

She walked the streets and became a whore,
 Hung this sign upon her door
 "A Nickel, a Dime, A Quarter will do,
 Take a Crack at the Ring-Dang-Doo.

Along came a red-headed son-of-a-bitch,
 Had the crabs and the seven year itch,
 Had the Syphil and the Blue-Balls, too;
 Gave them all to the Ring-Dang-Doo.

Well, she got old and finally died,
 Ten Thousand Ka-dets wept and cried.
 Hung her tits on the shit-house wall,
 Pickled her twat in alcohol.

II. CHANTS AND CADENCE CALLS

A. IN QUICK TIME (120 steps per minute)

- 29. Heide Hoy, Heide Ho,
 Widdley Widdley Waddley Wo,
 Heide Ho, Heide Hey,
 Let's go back and count some no'.
- 30. Haty Katy, Cota-mata-Wadi,
 Cota-nota-Wadi, Dingo-Dong*
 Hotch Kotch, Cota-moti-otch,
 Cota-noti-oti-oti, dingo dong.
 Am I right or wrong? (etc)
- 31. The wider the river, the greener the grass;
 The bigger the boobies, the better the ass.
- 32. My name is Bill Bailey, my dick is a whaley,
 My balls weigh a hundred and fourty-four pounds.
 It's like sledge-hammer, I'll fuck her Goddam her;
 I'll drive her damn ass in the ground.

34. ANIMAL CADENCE, COUNT:

Ooh!, (3 steps), Ah!, (3 steps), Ooh!, (3 steps), Ah! (3 steps),
 Ooh!, (1 step), Ah!, (1 step), Ooh!, (1 step), Ah! (1 step)
 Ooh, Ah, Ooh, Ah, Ooh, Ah, Ooh, (3 steps), Ahhh.

35. Her father was there when you left, (answer) You're right!
 Her mother was there when you left, You're right!
 Her brother was there when you left, You're right!
 Her doctor was there when you left, You're right!
 That's the reason you left.

B. IN DOUBLE-TIME (180 steps per minute)

36. Hup, two, three, four (men repeat)
 Idol of the Air Corps,
 Every day I love it more,
 Who's the best?
 The very best?
 Of all the rest?
 C Flight. (or unit name)
 Hup, two, three, four,
 Up the hill,
 Down the hill,
 Cross the bridge,
 Gotta go,
 Need a piece,
 Gotta pee
 Oh, shit,
 Get the IAC,
 To the pool
 Let's stop,
 Gotta go,
 Hup, two, three, four.

III. MARCHING SONGS

37. (To the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

Oh she jumped in bed and covered up her head,
 And said I could not find her,
 Well I knew damn well she was lying like Hell,
 So I jumped right in behind her.

Flipity-flop I landed on top,
 And started my organ grinder,
 She jumped like a goose when I shot her the juice,
 And now she's got a reminder.

Well I fucked her once, and I fucked her twice,
 And I fucked her once too often,
 Oh I broke her spring or some damn thing,
 And now she's in her coffin.

Sung by the whorhouse quartet.
 Have ya' got a hard on? Not yet!
 Are ya' gonna get one? You bet!
 You fucker, you.

38. Oh I stuck it in one ; she said baby this is fun
 (chorus) "Put your belly up to mine and ram it on, ram it on."
 Oh I stuck it in two; she said baby I want you,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in three; she said baby come to me,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in four; she said baby give me more,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in five; she said baby come alive,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in six; she said baby pick up sticks,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in seven; she said baby make it eleven,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in eight; she said baby don't be late,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in nine; she said baby this is fine,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in ten; she said baby come again,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in eleven; she said baby this is heaven,
 (chorus)
 Oh I stuck it in twelve; she said baby this is Hell!
 "Put your dick in your pants and take it home, take it home."
39. MASTURBATER'S SONG (to tune of "Funiculi, Funicula")

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
 It felt so good, I knew it would.
 Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
 I did it twice; it felt so nice.
 You really ought to see my short stroke,
 It is so neat, I use my feet.
 Smash it! Bash it! Beat it on the floor!
 Wrap it around the bed post, slam it in the door!
 I beat my meat, I beat my meat, I beat my meat.
 Some people like intercourse,
 But I will beat my meat.

IV. ATTITUDE CHECK

40. Give a shit, Give a shit,
I could almost give a shit.

(Shout)

41. I love the corps, I love the corps,
Everyday I love it more.